Select Miscellany.

- The stormy March has come at last, With wind, and cloud, and changing sites; I hear the reshing of the blast, That through the snewy valley fires.
- Alt, passing few are they who speak,
- Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee; Yet though thy winds are loud and blast Thun art a walcome month to me.
- For thou to northern tools again.
 The glad and glorious son deet bring.
 And thou hast joined the gentle train.
 And near at the gentle name of Spring.
- And in thy reign of blast and storm Smiles many a long, bright, surney day, When the changed winds are soft and warm, And heaves suts on the blue of May.
- Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
- From winter's durance just set free, not brightly leaping down the bills, Regin their journey to the sea.
- The years' departing beauty bidde Of winity stories the auten the But in the element from abides A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring's the loop of those calm skins And that soft time of sunny showers When the wide bloom on earth that lies, Seems of a brighter world than ones.

A Mistake. It was time for the summer vacation, and three of us who were generally agreed said to one another, "Let us go to the school con-vention appointed at New Lincoln. We shall have the ocean thrown in, can probably be lodged together, and who knows what pleasant things may be laid up there wait-ing for us."

School has closed. With a thrill of joy such as only a hard-working teacher knows, we turned the key upon worry and care, had a few lovely days of rest at home, and now have taken seats in the early train, and will be in New Lincoln in time for the after-noon session, and our place for tea. Teachers at these conventions were entertained by the

We were all young. Ada and I were sis ters, and Anna was just like one of our own family. We were just in that frolksome mood that borders on wildness, but does not venture in when there seems to be a funny side to everything. We wonder where we shall go, and whom we shall meet, but the new system of imparting instruction, and the best methods of government that we may learn do not affect us as forcibly as the original found-ers of the school convention might have

ers of the school convention might have deemed uscessary and proper.

A crowd had gathered in the waiting-room when we arrived, and places were being as-signed. A large number evidently had been expected, for there was bustling about, and looking for more hospitable mansions. Teachers were pressing to the stand, each determined to get his or her card as soon as ressible.

"Let us sit down in this corner and wait awhile," said Ada, "I never like to push." "How long will you wait?" asked an-

other. "O, a patient waiter is no loser. Why,

somebody wants us of course."
So we take our seats, and watch the throng coming and going.
I shall never forget my first glimpse of the man destined to bear so important a part in our visit. He was one of the committee, and had just bent forward to address a remark to had just bent forward to address a remark to the secretary, then, taking up his hat, passed out. I remember that he glanced at our corner as he went by. Swedenborg tells of the invisible circle surrounding each individ-ual, corresponding to his spiritual presence. With some it is small and faint, with others as wide and clearly marked as the perfume around a fagrant flower.

as wide and clearly marked as the perfume around a fragrant flower.

Something of the kind came to me through the magnetism of this man. He certainly bore the mark of refinement, grace and culture, but through it all there shone a spiritual brightness. It was in the light that beamed through the beautiful dark eyes; in the smile that brought to mind Correggio's angels; in the expression that told of some experience, where only the sweetness of sorrow had been left. I thought of Fra Augelico's saints, of Nathaniel, the man without guile, of the beloved disciple, and I wondered if this person, like the famous Scotch divine, did not make sinners repent by standing silent before them.

did not make sinners repent by standing si-lent before them.

Ada whispered: "Did you notice that man?" and in another minute Anna leaned forward, "Girls, did you notice that man? Did you ever see any one like him before?" He came back and went on with his work. Once or twice we asked Ada if she would not go forward, and she replied: "No, I can't bear to be urgent; they will come to us by and by."

Occasionally he passed, but without a word.
We wondered if he thought us unworthy of

We wondered it he thought us unworthy of the better places.

At last, when nearly all had been sent out, he came: "You have been waiting a long time; would you three like to go together?"

"Yes," answered Ada.

"Would you be willing to take one room with two beds?"

"Oh, yes," said Anna, eagerly, "that is just what we would like."

He brought a card. "Here is the place, No. 9, at Airs. Weston's, Weston street, and this is Miss Weston," bowing to a young lady, "who will go with you."

this is Miss Weston," bowing to a young lady, "who will go with you."

We followed, passing up a long street with fine residences, where other teachers had been sent. Sometimes Anna and I, who were behind, would whisper, "Don't you wish it were here?" and finally of a large stone house, "If it could be this; but she doesn't look like it."

However she stops and remarks, "We are here at last."

here at last."

We walked through pleasant grounds into a wide porch and hall. Mrs. Weston, a lady freaher and handsomer than her daughter, meets us cordially. We are led to our room. It is cool and pleasant. Anna, who has lingered a moment, hurries in. "O, girls, I do believe that beautiful man lives here, for I heard some one call him Mr. Rowe at the convention, and Mrs. Weston just asked if Mr. Rowe had come in. Can it be possible that he has taken us to his own house?"

Ada and Anna put on their light blue dresses, and we go down to supper. There, waiting for us at the door, stands Mr. Rowe. "I am very glad to welcome you here," and

ties given in our honor, and a steamboat meets us contailly. We are led to our room, it is cool and pleasant. Anna, who has ling gered a moment, hurries in. "() girls, it do not also as the property of the

there. "How do you feel?" asked one "As if I'd been among the gods!" answered

another.

"O, girls," exclaimed Ada, "it would take an angel to be that man's wife!" and Anna and I go off into suppressed laughter. We take the books from the shelves and read, "Mr. Rowe gave this to Ellen and this to Anna and this to Lucy."

"How old is he?"

"Well, he's pretty old."

"If there be not too much irridescent splendor shining in my face I'm going to wash it."

wash it."
"How can you use such a common expression? Say, I'm going to bathe my visage."
Then we all laugh again. Once Ada did warn us, "We must be quiet. What if anybody should hear."
"Well, they can't. There's no door except into the hall."

"What would you say," asked Anna in a loud whisper to me as she turned off the gas, "If some one like Mr. Rowe was waiting for Ada?"

"If some one like Mr. Rowe was waiting for Ada?"

"I should say with old Simeon, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace!" More smothered laughter, and finally we fall asleep.

We awake early next morning, and already a little ashamed of our play and excitement, dress quickly and go down—three quiet, well-behaved young ladies. Mr. Rowe stands at the door, but can it be the same man we left last evening? Coldness and suppressed dislike are written upon that face. We say "Good morning." His head bends slightly in acknowldgment. We are confounded, and each, with fear and dread of some impending evil takes her place at the table. The others converse pleasantly. Mr. Rowe says nothing. The headache, that I vainly thought might be mentioned, is evidently forgotten. They plan for the day, chairs are drawn back and prayers announced.

evidently lorgotten. They pian for the day, chairs are drawn back and prayers announced.

Mrs. Weston says: "It is our custom to repeat some verse of Scripture in the morning; you will please join us." She is first in order, then her daughters, and Anna next. But Anna is always ready—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Next came Ada. She declared afterwards that every idea passed out of her mind, and memory was turned upside down, but she stammers, "blessed are the weak, for they shall be happy."

Mr. Rowe turns gravely to me. The only verse I have been able to recollect is, "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren," but when Ada repeats hers, the right way presents itself, and I correct her by reciting the true text. She turns upon me an indignant glance. I am convulsed with laughter, and Mr. Rowe says, "Let us pray." Soon these words, uttered in slow and solemn tones, strike like a dagger to our hearts: "Keep us this day from idle words. If we have indulged them to our own hurt, let us remember that we shall be called to render up their account."

have indulged them to our own hurt, let us remember that we shall be called to render up their account."

We do not whisper our suspicions to each other, not even when we are alone. At dinner Mr. Rowe hardly speaks. In the evening the convention was to visit a night blooming cereus. He seems obliged to offer his services, and speaks to Ada. She says "yes, I would like to go." Anna and I decline. She comes down in her blue dress, light mantle, and bonnet, and I whisper, "O, do find out what is the matter."

Mrs. Weston invited Anna and me to visit Mr. Rowe's study. It was a pleasant room, filled with books, minerals, Indian relies, plants. She tells us about him; that he has lived in the family since her husband died, and has been like a father to her youngest daughter. He gives his life to others. "See," she said, lifting a volume, "Here is his favorite Tacitus. Mr. Rowe was engaged to the lady who presented it to him. He says she is the only woman he ever knew who had read the whole in the original text."

"Did she die 7" asked Anna.

knew who had read the whole in the original text."

"Did she die?" asked Anna.

"No, but the engagement was broken. This is his bedroom, you see it opens out of the study. He offered to give it up to you, because that door leads into your room. The bed is pushed against it now."

"But I have not noticed a door in our room." I venture to say while Anna is grown.

room," I venture to say, while Anna is grow ing pale.

"No, we hung a curtain, and set the arm-chair against it. Why, the door is unfast-ened. Ellen must have tried to pass through

Rowe's room. He must have heard every word."

Ada stands thunderstruck. "Girls, I've feared it all the time. What shall we do?"

"The ocean is big." I venture, as the first relief, "and only a stone's throw. We can leave a letter signed by all three saying we didn't mean it."

"Well," said Anna, "if he doesn't suppose girls ever carry on by themselves, and thinks we are sinners above all others, why, let him think so."

But we all do care, and three quieter persons never moved about a room in the days and nights that followed.

By degrees his coldness wears away. We can see that he is narrowly watching us, perhaps trying to find some excuse, but we do not have another talk. There are parties given in our honor, and a steamboat ride down the bay. Mr. Rowe does not accompany us, but, nevertheless, we enjoyed it all, and the dinner at Martha's Vineyard, where Anna remarks that "Martha does not raise many grapes."

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FATHER KEMP, the originator of the world- | it up. That was fifteen years ago. Since that enowned "Old Folks' Concerts," and proprietime, until last summer (when I commenced Washington Street, Boston, testifies by the fol- a well day. Dangerons symptoms, with constant owing letter to the benefit he received from roaring in the head, abscesses forming, with form, My legs from the ankle to knee would swell and turn black; in fact, I suffered all that ers sent you in regard to your excellent prep- most eminent physicians in the country and gards its curative properties. Your preparation so, and have taken two bottles. Result-To-day

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or any obnoxious humor, Hood's Sarsaparilla is "I have been troubled with Scrofula since

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As we return to our room, Ada came in frowning and dripping. "I've spoiled my clothes, and see my feet soaked."

"What did Mr. Rowe say?" we ask, ig-

"What did Mr. Rowe say?" we ask, ignoring her condition. "Say! He never spoke a word, except to ask if I had rubbers and when we came in said to Mrs. Weston, 'I'm afraid this young lady has dampened her feet '." "Well, that isn't the worst," I begin— "For pity's sake," interrupted Anna, "do let us whisper the rest of our lives. Ada, that curtain hides a door that leads to Mr. Rowe's room. He must have heard every word." FRENCH DYE HOUSE, "Say! He never spoke a word, except to ask if I had rubbers and when we came in said to Mrs. Weston, 'I'm afraid this young lady has dampened her feet '." "Well, that isn't the worst," I begin— "For pity's sake," interrupted Anna, "do let us whisper the rest of our lives. Ada, that curtain hides a door that leads to Mr. Rowe's room. He must have heard every word." FRENCH DYE HOUSE,

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ringing frome sheaves from To lay at the Master's fast-

ord, all thy hosts of angels Must smile on a life so sweet Mist entire on a tire so sweet.

Speaking with love for all,
Speaking with love for all,
Warang the young and thoughtless
From the wide lesset. "Anyholo;"
Showing the suare that the templer
Worth on every hand—
Lort, all thy dear angels
Must smile on a life so grand,

Fighting the blootness buttle
With a heart that is true and boid,
Fighting it not for glory,
Fighting it not for gold,
Fighting it not for gold,
But out of love for his neighbor,
And out of love for his Lord;
I know that the hands of the angels
Will crown him with his reward,

For whose works for the Master, And whose night his night,
The angele crown with a star-wreath,
and it glows with gene most bright.
They wear these forever and ever.
The saints in that land of blice,
And I know that beavour's best jowed
is kept for a west like title.

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The Irrepressible Conflict.

The Irrepressible Conflict.

The contest in Oberlin continues. The unclean demon has neither gone out of the man, nor has the man gone out of the town. Throughout the college, the seminary, the churches, the entire village, the excitement is that of righteous indignation stirred to its deepest intensity. It is the absorbing theme. Meetings for prayer and conference over the matter are held daily. The drug store which in this case—as in so many others—is only another name for a grog shop of the lowest depravity, is being constantly visited by citizens in relays, changing every hour. The effrontery, the rudeness, the blasphemy, indecency and violence of the man and his choice following, are such that were the people not phenomenally self-restrained he and his whole enginery of moral ruin would have long since are such that were the people not phenomenally self-restrained he and his whole enginery of moral ruin would have long since been summarily disposed of. It is evident that he does not work for himself alone. He is undoubtedly the paid tool of some liquor league. He is a man with an ambition. His ambition is to show himself, in face of the total moral sense and determination of all good people in the place, to be the "meanest man in America." Few men realize this ambition so complete. His name is Bronson. His christenest name we do not know—the name his mother gave him. If we did, out of respect to her we would not repeat it. As Rev. Mr. Brand, in a sermon preached in the First Congregational church, Oberlin, says: "There is but one issue between the temperance people of this place and the liquor traffic to-day. It is this: Shall we have in this town the worst possible form of a whinker shop under the guise of a drug store, and kept by an utterly unprincipled man, or shall we not?" Should the thousand or so pupils in Oberlin learn, by these object lessons, the motives and the spirit with which the great social reforms of our time are to be undertaken and carried on, it will be as important a lesson as they can possibly learn.—Advance.

The Ravages of Rum.

The Ravages of Rum. For nearly two weeks in the daily prayer-meetings there was presented as a subject for prayer the case of a young lawyer, the only son of a pious mother, who had from his birth prayed for his conversion. A young man of ability and standing, but the victim of the intoxicating cup. Alsa, the demon of drink, like death, of which it is the type and the preenreer, loves a shining mark. of the intoxicating cup. Alsa, the demon of drink, like death, of which it is the type and the precursor, loves a shining mark. One day the leader of the meeting, in reiterating the request, remarked that the young lawyer was not the only marked and distinguished victim of intemperance. Within a few days, he said, a man who had been a minister of the gospel, and who had preached deliverance from sin to captives, had been seen drunk in our streets and had to be helped to his lodgings. This was no unheard of thing, for many such cases are on record; but coming up as it did in such a connection, it made a deep impression. Can respectable and good men plead for the privilege of moderate drinking when it leads to such results? Can Christian people be ailent and inactive, when this pestilence that walketh in darkness and this destruction that wasteth at noonday is doing its fearful work on every side? Professional men, business men, fair women, little children, are all alike falling a prey to the ravages of rum. Why are there not more references to it in the pulpit, more prayers iffered u public and in private, more efforts not only to reclaim the fallen but to secure and preserve those who have not as yet fallen? It is not the only social evil that curses society, but it is the most gigantic and fearful.—Waich Tower.

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Ten YEAVS Washington

By Mary Clemmer, It portrags the "inner Right funds and Security, Mary-lased Mysterics of the Capillal Mysterics of the Capillal

COUR WILD INDIANS their "timer by", Theing Deader Customs, So are Deader Customs, So are Deaderson of a said stail before By Gen. Sherman.

With their bestrale Chemic Plates and you know the said by the Box of the Sherman. GOO MORE ALENTS WANTED. Scale of the state o

HARLAN W. KEMP. Law and Collection Office (WITH S. C. SHORPLKFF),

Mew Advertisements. TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

ecessitating a Surgical Operation—L. ing Mother Atlempts to Take Pair of Shears from Her Chitd.

Parents, be Careful.

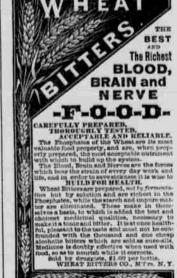
Domestic accidents are common to women, and some of them are very serious. Mrs. Warner of South Rondout, Ulster county, New York, some weeks ago attempted to take from her child a pair of shears with which it was playing. A slight struggle enseed, it which the point of the shears entered Mrs. Warner's left eye, entirely destroying the sight. Her family physician did what he could, but intensely painful inflaumation arose, which, by sympathy, threatened the loss of the other eye. Total blindness to a woman having the care of a household is an irretrievable calamity. In this strait Mrs. Warner applied to the well-known and skillful surgeon, Dr. Douid Kennedy of Rondout, New York, who removed the injuried eye by a very successful opporation, setting aside all danger of further harm to the sight of the other eye. But, owing to pain and mental distress, her system needed a fonic and restorative medicine. To do this work the Dr. prescribed "Kunnedy's Favorite Remedy," which sustained its reputation and laid a sure foundation of health.

Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy", "

fon of health.

Dr. Kennedy's "Pavorite Remedy" removes all impurities from the blood, regulates the Liver and Kidneys. Cures Constipation, and all disenses and weaknesses peculiar to females. It is for sale by all our druggists at ONE DOL-

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W. H. LOMBARD, PURE ASH LYE SOAP

ase Tallow, Scraps, Rones, etc., etc. All orders as assi to me at Montjeller Post-affice will receive promp attention. W. H. LOMBAHD, Montjeller, Vt.

Hor the Doung.

THE GIFT.

Bring on the smile of my mother's eyes, Dearer than sometime out of the skies; Bring one a kins from her tips to set Warm on my check, with the tears still wet.

Out of the ottener of unknown land Bring me the touch of my mother's hand; Keep then she treasures of eas and shore. Bring me the would of her voice once north Neg; there are wis loss and wealth and po-Little one, choose of these the dower. tive use our mother's reset love amount

Little one, what then asked me, Only Beath's angel can bring to thee. Cornwallis' Buckles,

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to eapy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

was immediately conflictated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive proverty of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her conflictation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as the result and the second of the second of the child, as the result are the second of th

party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Ches-ter road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occa-sion of her bot haste was demanded. The

sion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every triffe. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general."

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiments, resemble various his consequence. neighborhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So, summoning an orderly headquarters. headquarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the

headquarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anna Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's koife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow !"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious lampther from all the gentlemen around

hen came a simultaneous burst of uproari then came a simultaneous burst of uproar-ious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her graund, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary

spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleas-antly spoken, quickly restored the equan-imity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.
"Why did not your father attend to this
for you?"

general scon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Bith of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers are also away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, general, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden, "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child'shands. "Take these," be said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Aune returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparking knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—St. Nichalas for February, 1831.

Preaching to Children.

Preaching to Children.

Preaching to Children.

A neighboring pastor was preaching to the Sunday-school recently about Christ's interest in children. Among the audience was a little boy about seven years of age. Sitting with his parents, he listened intently, and after giving them the points of the sermon with great clearness and evident interest. A short time afterward, however, he sought to screen himself in some matter by telling a falsehood, but was detected. Allowed to go unpunished and left to himself for awhile, he recalled the sermon and presently said to his mother, "Mr. — (mentioning the pastor) said that Jesus would forgive our sins if we ask him to, and I am going to ask him to forgive me." Accordingly he went up stairs, and was alone a long time. When he came down again he said, "I have asked Jesus to forgive me, and I believe he has; now what shall I say to papa?" The mother said, "I think you ought to ask his forgiveness." "Well," he answered, "I will." His manner showed how hard it was, but his faith triumphed, and he did it. Who says it does no good to preach to children ?—Selected.

Farm for Sale.

1 offer for sale my farm estimated in Orange, of about two funded shill firly serve and known as the "rifled farm."

1 offer for sale my farm estimated in Orange, of about two funded shill firly serve and known as the "rifled farm."

1 offer for sale my farm estimated in Orange, of about two funded shill firly serve and known as the control of the recent cold winter mornings? She was seen cratching about in the yard, clucking at a great rate, and bringing up whatever she could find that was good to eat. And around the more control of the recent cold winter mornings? No, half-country for the firly state of the firly s

ASSESSED NOT HEREFOR